
[1]

My creepiest and scariest ghost story for me happened about a year ago. It really was more of a possession than a ghost story.

I was helping another nurse with a patient that had lived a very hard life. It had numerous things going on with him from cardiac to renal failure. You name it, he had it going on. This man was very much afraid to die. Every time his heart monitor beeped, he would just go into a rage screaming, "Don't let me die! Don't let me die!" The other nurse and I found out why he didn't want to die.

About 0200 his cardiac monitor starts alarming V-Tach. We both rush into the room. I am pulling the crash cart behind me. When I get to the room, the other nurse is completely white. This man was sitting about 2 inches above the bed and was laughing. His whole look completely changed. His eyes just had a look of pure evil on them and he had this evil smile on his face. He laughed at us and said, " You stupid b****es aren't going to let me die will you?" and he laughed again.

We were kinda frozen. I did reach up and hit the Code Blue button and when I did the man went into V-fib. He crashed back onto the bed. We started coding him, but after 20 minutes it was called. 5 minutes after the code was called several of the code team is in the room cleaning up when this man sits straight up in the bed and says, " You let him die. Too bad." and then begins laughing. The man collapsed back to the bed.

We heard a horrible, agonizing scream (actually every patient in the unit that night commented on the scream), and then you could hear "don't let me die" being whispered throughout the unit. Everyone of the nurses that night was pale and scared. No body went anywhere by themselves.

By morning the whispers of "don't let me die" were gone. The night shift nurses had a prayer service in the break room before we left for home and then we all had nightmares for weeks.

[2]

I had one strange thing happen.

It was around 4:00 am. I was preparing an IV med for one of my pts. As I stepped out of the med room a visitor was there waiting for me. (she was with her dying brother) She asked me to come to her brothers room quickly because his breathing had changed. There were 3 of us working that night and we all stayed in the room with the family until he took his last breath. It was very quiet, and sad. At this time it was about 20 past 4:00 and I suddenly realized that I still had that IV med in my hand. So, I excused myself and went to give my med. As I entered my other pt's room, (which was only two rooms away) I found her wide awake and scared. I asked her what was wrong and she said,"What was that?!?" I told her I didn't know what she meant and she answered, "I woke up because it was as if a freight train just came right through here!"

I reassured her that evrything was OK, that she must have been dreaming, administered her med and got outta there!!

[3]

We have a gentleman that we call the inspector. He appears at the end of the long hall (our wings are L shaped). He carries a clipboard in his hand. When he shows up a resident usually dies within the next couple days. We've also had residents ring and tell us that there was a man standing next to their roommate's bed and that we should tell him to leave (no men on nights). The roommate usually dies soon after. And then there's the children. Several lucid residents have reported children in the halls at night- There's a children's home behind us where children have been abused in the past.

[4]

This part is documented, I've read the newspaper articles:

1988, manager of the movie theater is closing up, calls a friend to complain that his boyfriend had been arguing with him all night long and he was afraid of him. They found the manager shot in the head w/ a .22 in the theater office next morning. (bf is currently spending life with 3 hots and a cot courtesy of the Republic of Texas).

OK.

For years, the film operators at the movie theater would complain that, when they were standing at the projector, there was this very distinct presence that felt like it was standing right behind them.

How is this related to nursing? The local CC bought the movie theater a few years ago and turned it into an adjunct wing for the nursing school. They say that the janitors for the CC will not go upstairs to clean by themselves. It's just too creepy.

[5]

In DC in the 50's there was a porn theater; it burned down and some people died, later as it was being demolished, there were freak accidents and yet a few more people died (do you see a trend here?)(all of this has been in the paper).

Eventually a new building is built; in 1991, my dh was on this jobsite for a complete renovation; at this time none of the guys really knew the above history; some guys, dh, included started saying that they felt chills(it was summer-no a/c), like they were being watched, feeling creepiness. My dh kept saying that he felt something "bad" following him (he only told his co-workers this)And he is(was) a die-hard skeptic-he never believed ANY ghost stories; In a month, one guy lost a finger, another guy fell down a flight of steps(he said it felt like someone pushed him), and quite a few guys dodged falling objects, another guy tripped and broke his arm-there were more accidents at this job than the company had had in the last 10 YEARS combined.

In June, my dh had a freak accident and cut off the tip of his left

index finger; he then told me about the bad feelings and weird occurrences.

Two weeks later, he went back to work. At 10am, I got this message "Dawn, xxxx has been hurt, there is alot of blood, but I think he'll live. The paramedicas are taking him to GW"

My dh had almost lost 1/2 of his left hand; He said he felt the presence all day, and then a 200 pound peice of cast Iron pipe fell, straight down with the open end smashing down on his hand-like a 200 pound cookie cutter from 10 feet up; The paramedics on the scene said that based on what they saw, my dh should of lost his hand-it was concrete, dh hand and then pipe; the weird thing is that my dh said that at the last second he actually saw something-a white "blur" push the pipe away, so that that is was diverted from crushing straight down-

After he was hurt about 5 guys refused to even put foot on the jobsite. After three surgeries and 6mos of rehab, my dh could use his hand-but I still get chills when I look at the semi-circular scar that divides his hand in half.

[6]

I was working a night shift job as an aide caring for a lady with terminal cancer on hospice at home. (Ive done this work for years) She was starting to slip and I woke her family, two girls and DH. We were all sitting around, she was pretty quiet and peaceful. All of a sudden she looked twoard the door and said "Rex, Rex you're here for me. Im ready and they won't let me go" I saw a shadowy figure come into the room and felt the creepiest evil spirit.....Im not normally spooked but I was so glad when it was

time for me to go home. I turned to watch this spirit and the family was looking at me like "what are you looking at". The lady died later that day.

A few months later her Dh had been sick (just not well, not terminal) and they called my agency to see if I would come and stay with him at night for a few days until he was a little stronger. I stayed two nights. All kinds of weird paranormal stuff in that house. Voices in rooms that were empty, sound of people moving around when everyone was asleep, etc.

I decided I didnt care how sick he was or how much that family liked me, I was NOT doing another shift there. LOL.

[7]

My brother Mike was 16 and had an AVM (in the brain) and had had a bleed. He had surgery and survived.

Anyway, about 3 days after surgery, he woke up and said he had talked to Granny (who died 3 years earlier) and to Jeffrey (my other brother who had died 19 years earlier from a blown aneurysm from an AVM). Mike's first words were Granny said she was okay and she was sorry for being so mean at the end. (She had dementia and was in a lot of pain before she died and was very verbally and physically abusive to all).

He also said Jeffrey said to tell Mom that he was okay and that he did not suffer and had no pain. Jeffrey also said that Curtis (my

other brother) was okay and had nothing bad in his head like he did. Well, this really shook my mom up.

About 2 or 3 months after that, Mike went to see his neurologist for a followup and stopped by ICU to see the nurses and ran into one of the surgical nurses who was in the OR during his operation. she was surprised to see him and said how he was very lucky. during surgery, his heart stopped beating twice and the surgeon said if it happened a third time, they would let him go.

[8]

I have to admit I turned the lights on after reading some of these stories.....lol.....I work in the MICU and we get some really really sick pts...I haven't actually seen any ghost but my unit has some ghost stories....but from experience I've learned that when a pt tells you they're going to die...they usually do...and if they start talking to dead family members...they usually die...it's like the family members have come to take them.....

A couple of stories from the unit.... In bed 3 there was a homeless pt "Willy" who thanks to modern medicine was kept alive for I believe around 3 mos....(no family to stop care)....Willy eventually died but pts who are in bed 3 will talk about their friend Willy who brought them a blanket or stopped by to talk....Bed 3 is at the end of the unit and has an ante room before you go in...You can't see directly in Bed 3 unless you're in the ante room or looking at the room on the monitor...One night with no pt in Bed 3 the monitor flips to the room and a body was seen laying over the side of the bed (over the side rails).....kind of floating...the room was checked and no one was there.....

Another night a nurse who has worked in the unit a few years saw someone sitting in a chair behind the door in Bed 3 with their legs crossed...she wondered since we have limited visiting hours how a family member got in the room...she went in the room and no one was there....needless to say she was freaked out....

There was also another pt who was a young woman in her 20s who contracted necrotizing fasciitis (flesh eating disease) from one of her kids who had strep....She was in the unit a while and eventually died....One of the nurses coming on to the next shift wanted to know why the pt was standing on the backside of the unit with her twin daughters holding their hands.....(wondering how she made such a miraculous recovery).....she was informed the pt had died earlier that day....

[9]

Years ago I worked nights on a LTC unit. No one ever used their call lights there. We always seemed to know when we would have a death, because the nurse call system would go haywire. It would start bleeping, not even a real ring, like half bleeps. No where would it light up to a room. Just the sound.

(The call system was checked several times and we were always told it was fine.)We would immediately make a round and sure enough someone would be gone. Most of our vets were DNR's, rarely had a code. It almost seemed liked someone just wanted let us that know someone had passed. It was so common it wasn't creepy after awhile. Also on a couple of occasions a coworker and myself while sitting outside on a break saw a dark figure moving

across the parking lot, almost like he was floating. On both occasions he got about halfway across the lot and then would vanish. We used to hear all kinds of stories of ghosts/strange occurrences from some of the staff that had been there forever.

After I left there I went to work in a rehab unit that was located in what used to be an old Catholic Hospital. We were basically the only unit there other than a couple of outpt. clinics downstairs.

Would often hear crying, laughing footsteps etc in the stairwells, even on holidays when we were the only ones there. There was never anyone in those stairwells. Was often told it was an old nun who roamed the halls for many years before passing on our unit many years ago. I can't believe I've forgotten her name.

[10]

I was working ICU and caring for a patient with breast Ca who was dying, minimally responsive for days (this was a long time ago when we actually kept dying patients in ICU). Anyway, she suddenly awoke and was very lucid, asking for some water.....I was a little stunned but got her water for her. After she drank she said, "Do you know what Jesus just asked me?" Of course I got a few chill bumps at this point, but answered, "No, what?" She said, "He asked me if I had done everything with love." "And what did you say, I replied. "I told him that I had tried," she said.

I told her that most likely that is all any of us are capable of doing. I turned her with some pillows and she fell asleep and died about 10 minutes later. Needless to say, this affected me greatly, I want

to be able to give the right answer when Jesus asks.

The second incident, we had an older man with a massive heart attack, lots of other problems and he ended up on the ventilator. He was the meanest old coot ever. His granddaughter worked at the hospital and apologized for his behavior and told us he had always been quite a rounder. He would bite, kick, spit, and had to be restrained to keep him from pulling every line he had out. We coded him three times during his stay. After the third time, his demeanor changed and he became much more cooperative. We explained the change as a bit of ICU psychosis that had resolved.

The gentleman became a "frequent flyer" in our ICU, coming in multiple times with CHF and becoming a regular at our outpatient CHF clinic. He became a favorite, always smiling, joking, a dear man. One day he asked me, "Do you remember the first time I was here and how awful I was." I assured him that I did indeed remember.

He said, "Do you know why I changed?" I replied that I didn't but just thought that his meanness was related to his illness. He said, "No, it wasn't that....the last time you guys brought me back when my heart stopped....I woke up and remembered being in this very dark place....it was awful.....It was totally black and there was this awful smell of sulfur and the heat was terrible. I called out and called out and no one answered. I remembered hearing that when people die and then come back a lot of them see a light and a lot of other "good" stuff. I was scared....I didn't see a light and I knew then I had to change." He lived a couple more years after telling me his story and when he finally died in our ICU, I have a feeling that he saw the "light" and the "good things".....at least I hope so.

[11]

The very small step down unit I worked in was having night time staffing issues, I agreed to rotate to nights to help them out.

It was a 4 bed, newly renovated unit. It was around 3am, and I was watching the monitors, listening to the patients snore. The pencil draw slid open, I didn't think much of it since the hospital was on a very busy avenue. I thought it was caused by the vibrations from the traffic on the busy road below. After sliding the draw back several times, I decided if the draw felt it needed to be open so be it.

Several minutes later :

I heard a noise in the room, the patients bathroom door opening and the sound of someone pushing an IV pole. Since I did not have clear view of the bathroom, I just thought one of the staff members from the main floor had dashed in to wash their hands. I looked up from my monitor viewing to see a patient we recently had in the unit. Mrs.G. An older woman who came in with atypical chest pain, became septic due to a gallbladder issue.

She evidently had expired in the unit. Although the hospital itself had been on this site for years, the unit was newly renovated, right down to tearing down walls and putting up new ones. I heard the patients bathroom door open and again I heard the rattling of the IV pole and shuffling feet. I looked up and saw Mrs. G. standing there in the middle of the floor, one hand pushing the IV pole, the other hand on top of the pump on the pole. She stopped walking, turned waved, nodded her head said everything was going to be okay took a few steps and disappeared.

It was quite a site to see. Shortly after that "vision" one of the nurses from the floor came in to see if I needed anything. I told her no I was ok. And asked her if she had ever seen a ghost in the hospital. She looked at me, gasped and said no why. Explained to her what had just happend. She said she would never step foot in that room again.

Mrs. G was the first patient to die in that unit. She was well liked by all the staff and my feeling was that she was watching over us. The day shift came in, and I told them my story. They werent surprised.

Through the years working at various hospitals, worked as a Nurse Extern my senior year in nursing school. And heard older nurses telling their stories about ghosts...I thought they were just burnt out. HA!! Yes there are ghosts in care facilities, if they are not seen their presence is felt. They leave an energy behind.

[12]

I was working my regular 7-7 night shift in a bone marrow transplant unit

with one other nurse.

We had 5 patients, and it was about 3:30 am. My coworker had just come out of room 4, and i startled her as she came around the corner. Well, she had been emptying a urinal when the bathroom door had closed on her, which of course freaked her out and she spilled urine on herself but I digress. She proceeded to

tell me that there was a young gentleman who had been in that room who had died a rather gruesome death...evidently this man was slated to go home, but one night (around 4) the nurses heard a thump...the sound of someone falling...they rushed in the room, and this man was in the bathroom, central line out, and blood everywhere.

They coded him, but he died right there in the bathroom. No one is sure why he pulled his line, or what had happened, but evidently the scene was a bloodbath. Horrible, horrible...now here comes the scary part.

A few weeks later, a sweet little old lady is in that room and asks the nurse if someone had died in there. The nurse explained that this is a hospital, and it was likely that someone could have died. Well, the lady says, well, i think a young guy died in here....the nurses asks why, the lady responds "cuz he's talking to me."

Aghhh!! Ok, I'm not making this up....this lady has a central line, triple lumen. The nurse goes in there and there is blood everywhere. One of her lines is cut. Not pulled out, but cut. There are no scissors in the room. The lady says "he did it." OHMYGOSH!! Even the doctors were trying to get a priest or something to come in and say some prayers in that room!!!

Ok, so my coworker is telling me all this and we are scaring eachother when all of a sudden the call light goes off. For that room. We look at eachother, and both of us go to the room (we are not going in there alone!) The pt. is sleeping soundly. It was soooooooooooooo freaky. Luckily, her central line was fine.

[13]

Hi! I am a South African Nurse who is currently living and working in California. The weirdest thing happened to me one night when I was working Night Shift back in SA. I had a patient whom I thought was playing with his IV causing me no end of headaches - As we have all experienced. I eventually confronted him after having to open the clamp for what seemed like the hundredth time that night. He got really irate with me and said he had done no such thing but blamed it on a young nurse in a white dress whom he said had fiddled repeatedly with it . I was confused as while we wear specific uniforms in South Africa, they were not white at this specific hospital. Needless to say I was really irritated and I think we both ended the conversation feeling exasperated.

I didn't think about the young nurse for several weeks until one night in a totally different room with a totally different patient. The call light rang and when I went to answer it the patient said he had a problem with one of my staff. Curious, asked what. He said a young nurse in a white uniform was standing quietly in the doorway of the dark bathroom staring at him and it was freaking him out. At this my hair stood on end but I reassured him that he must have been dreaming and checked the bathroom just to be sure. There was nothing there but I will never forget it.

Another instance, there was a patient who was terminally ill with liver cancer in a private room. I was working days but the night shift people said they hated going into the room because something would blow on the back of their necks and shadows would move where shadows shouldn't be. The man was a christian, as was his wife and his wife said she saw this black prescence descend above him and his breathing would become labored. She asked myself and a friend to pray for her which we gladly did being christians ourselves. We annointed and blessed the room and prayed with the family and asked the Lord to seal the room. From that time on the room was filled with peace and

love and the man breathed so much more easier. People had no more problems with going in there. This gentle little man eventually passed away, but it was in a place of peace and love.

I think I have a few more stories but I can't remember them right now as I have just gotten home from a crazy night in a wild med/surg unit and I am truly beat!

[14]

When I was a student working on a male medical ward one night with my mate (also a 2nd yr student). The auxillary and staff nurse both left the ward together for their break leaving us two in charge ! (the done thing some years ago).

Suddenly a man in one of the beds sat bolt upright and said "Who are all those soldiers?" A guy in the bed opposite awoke and commented that he could not see their feet. My pal and I tried to calm them down, telling them it was probably the side effects of their tablets! When the staff returned, we told them the patients had seen something on the ward, but did not say what. The auxillary then went pale and said it must be their anniversary again.

She told us the hospital use to be a millitary hospital during the war, but the floor was 12 inches lower and every year a troupe of ghost soldiers walk down the ward with their feet on the orriginal floor so you never see their boots! Exit 2 student nurses!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[15]

I work in a LTC facility on night shift and I have a few to share! Several years ago when I was an aide, a gentleman had passed away. Not too long after that we were having a severe thunderstorm one night and a great big clap of thunder was heard. His light starting going off just as the thunder clapped. We all new that it had to be the storm, but it still freaked us out that it was his room light that rang!

Now we have a room that we all think is haunted. During the day or night this room's bathroom call light will go off. The 2 ladies that live in this room are not able to walk, so it's obviously not them. One night the light in their room and in the bathroom had gone off several times. Someone finally mentioned it to day shift and they said it happens to them also. Just the other night I turned off the bathroom light myself and they were both snuggled in bed. I hurried up and got out of there after I shut the light off!

The other strange thing that happened in this room is that one of the ladies like to chant the number 6 over and over. One night the aides had been in the room several times because the other lady had put on her call light. She had done this right before rounds and when the aides went back in the room a short time later to check on them both again, the lady that had been putting on her light was completely turned around in bed. Her head was at the foot of the bed and the covers where just as straight as could be. This lady could barely move so it's interesting how she got herself turned all around in bed and then to not disturb the covers!

Another night when I was working a few weeks ago we were having the same problems with this room with the call lights going off in the bathroom and the room itself. The aides were getting freaked out which also got me giddy too. I was in another part of the nursing home and the aides came running up to me all breathless saying that so and so's bed was levitating off the ground. I told them I wasn't going in there!!! But since I was the one in charge, had to put my anxiety away. We all go to the room and kind of peek around the corner and sure enough the whole front of the bed was off the floor, the wheels and all!! I walk in there and the headboard was hooked on the roommates bedside table. When they had raised the bed up to check the resident and then started to lower it, it must have moved a little bit so that when they were putting the bed down, the headboard caught the table and all they could see was the bed staying where it was and the wheels raising up! We all had a good laugh over that! After that, the light stayed off in that room, thank goodness!!

[16]

I work in a LTC facility . Can't say that I've seen ghosts per say but

When I first started I worked the 11-7 shift. The facility was being added to,(another wing added on) During the night shift only we would see flashlights and hear hammering going on in the addition. Needless to say we called the police a couple times and they couldn't find anything. Once the construction was done the flashlights stopped.

I had an elderly female that was passing , she would look toward the foot of her bed and tell me about the angels that she would see. When she started to tell me the names of the angels she

would get worse. One time she told me " My sister has come for me " she asked that we say a prayer and we did . She died about 3 minutes after we said the prayer.

When my sister passed away at the age of 53 from cancer the entire family was at her bedside. I have another sister that passed away 35 years ago. My dad said to us " Joanne will be ok , Diane is waiting for her ." Diane is my sister that passed away 35 years ago.

[17]

I work in an extended care facility, and a few years ago one of our more 'well known' residents died.(Mrs. W.B.)

She was a younger woman (early 60's) with MS. Although at times (ok, most times) she could be a royal pain, she was lively, opinionated, and interesting. She always took an interest in the lives of the nurses who worked with her, and was familiar with our families, etc. When she died, many of us went to her funeral. Her daughter had been in to see us earlier in the week, and asked us each to choose a token piece of jewellery as a remembrance. (none were valuable, mostly stones or charms on cord or ribbon). We all chose a piece, and wore them to the funeral service. After the service, one nurse noted her necklace was all of a sudden missing.

We went back into the chapel, and finally found it up near the closed casket. The nurse had never been up to the front of the chapel, but had stayed with the other nurses in the back of the

chapel. Another nurse folded up the program from the funeral service and tucked it into her sun visor in her car. On the way home, the visor all of a sudden fell down, knocked her on the head and of course, the program fell out. On my way home, I suddenly realized MY necklace was no longer on my neck.

When I got home I found it tangled in my lingerie. (It was a stone on a cord sewn together....how the heck did it come off????) And finally, the night of the service, the night staff at the hospital was freaked when they heard a loud metallic noise and found the chains from a hooyer lift in the middle of the hallway by the resident's old room. (She was the only resident who used this old fashioned lift).

We knew it was just W.B. coming back to visit us. To this day, when something 'other worldly' happens, we just say its W.B.!

[18]

We had two female patients that were always fighting, one of them became very sick and expired.

About two hours later I walked by the other patients room and the lady that had expired was sitting in the chair beside the bed looking at the patient while she slept. I could not believe it! I looked away and then looked back in the room and she was gone.

[19]

I just started at the hospital in town, so I don't have any from there. I did, however, work at an Independent Living/Assisted Living facility for almost 4 years, and in almost every department, save for nursing and housekeeping.

Anyway, this past fall semester, I was working security. My general duties, included answering phones, helping residents, making exterior rounds, shoveling snow(I swear we had one of the snowiest winters I can remember when I worked this position), and locking up the building at 2100. On one such night, I had just finished locking up the building. I let myself back into the office to record the temps from the coolers in the kitchen and such.

As I'm writing, out of the corner of my eye, I see a man, who I thought lived at the East End of the building. He doesn't move too quickly, but not overly slow. Needless to say, if I wanted to I could have caught him going down either hall quite easily. As soon as I saw the man, I put down my pen and went right out into the hall. Nobody in the east end, nobody on the west end, and nobody on the mezzanine. The only way he could have gotten away is if he ran... that's how quickly I dropped my pen and investigated.

I was eagerly anticipating the night janitor clocking on... In another occurrence, I had finished up rounds, I'd say it was about 2145, I settled in with one of my text books at the front desk to study some material from my nursing theory lecture. I didn't see any movement out of the corner of my eyes, but I heard the DISTINCT sound of one of those aluminum(I dunno what material, but the little silver ones) going over tile. the only tile in the WHOLE building is right in the front lobby, and in the kitchen. Nobody was around... again, I was eagerly anticipating the night

janitor coming on, so I could clock out and get the heck outta there.

I've heard some firsthand accounts from several of my friends from the kitchen, where, oddly enough, I began and ended my employment. Anyway, we had a cook who pretty consistently came in hungover for the Saturday morning shift. This was a problem in and of itself, and it has/still does happen to several of our "early morning" cooks.

"Chucky" would put the large mixing bowl for eggs, or whatever, on the large stainless steel counter, and go back into the walk in cooler to get whatever necessary ingredients he needed. He would come back out and the bowl would be spinning down the counter. Several other cooks have told me about how they'll be prepping stuff for lunch and dinner and various items for meals throughout the week, we have a large rack that holds all of our chafing dishes, lids, and on the side we hang all of our ladels...

Well, one by one, the ladels come off, as if flicked by somebody. One of the cooks, who I love dearly gave me this advice, should I encounter this spirit myself(I often worked early on the weekends)Just put a cup of regular coffee out in the serving area, and it will stop. Apparently there was a little old man who would throw things until the early morning cook, or server, would get him his coffee. It's a good thing to know that there are things you can do to quell odd goings on!

Where to start? Well I work for a city hospital in New York as an LPN. I have just about as many ghostly patients as I do living. It's true the ghostly ones don't ask for much but they tend to scare my co-workers.

I think my favorite two are the Walker and the Watcher.(these are nick names I've given them.)

The walker is a woman who comes down the hall nightly. She's pushing or pulling an IV pole because I can hear the wheels squeak as she makes her way down the hall. (this usually happens when I'm alone. Go figure) If I look right at her I can't see her but if I look with the corner of my eye I can just make her out. She's wearing a house gown, not hospital gown.

Now just in front of the Nurse's station is a large pillar. My ghostly visitor walks to the pillar and disappears behind it.

My other ghostly client is the Watcher. This one is a middle age gentlemen. He looks hispanic and has a small mustache. He is dressed in a hospital gown and I usually see him in room two, but only if it's unoccupied. This room is located right next to the nurses station. Most of the time he just stands by the doorway watching the nurses. Some of my co-workers have seen him and are scared, but I tell them he can't hurt them.

[21]

My friend an RT told me she had this room her and another RT

would rest during their break late at night.. The male RT, Donald, was sitting across a table from her with his head resting on his folded arm leaning on the table and facing the door. The room was pretty dark and my friend Karen was reading when she noticed a mist forming by the door. Before she could react the mist formed into a figure of a nurse or nun looking person in white with a long shawl over her head. The apparition stood inside the room just looking at Karen and smiling. Karen noticed she ended at the waist, no legs or pelvis was visible. Karen was terrified and in a soft voice she called out to the other RT, "Donald?" and a little louder she called to wake him again, "Donald?".

With out lifting his head he spoke up" I see her too Karen."

The ghost faded away after a few moments and both agreed on what they had seen.
